

The MEDICAL MISSIONARY



In the Name of Jesus every knee should bow.

THE SOCIETY AT HOME

ON DECEMBER the eighth, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Sister M. Xavier Boeckmann, from Arkansas, made her Solemn promise and took the Mission oath.

Miss Frieda Baum received the garb of the Society and the name of Sister Mary Gabriel.

Rev. Father McGinn, C.S.C., presided. In his address he said:

"This solemn ceremony in which you have participated this morning, my dear Friends, is in itself a most convincing and eloquent sermon. Your sacrifice of what the World looks upon as the fullness of life and your response to God's invitation to do His work teaches a more powerful lesson than could be conveyed by the words of any preacher. . . .

"Your work is to restore and preserve physical and spiritual health. Your ministrations to the sick, the infirm, the widow and the orphan are beautiful exemplifications of that religion, clean and undefiled, of which St. James writes. Your promise to keep yourself unspotted from the



SISTER M. XAVIER AND SISTER M. GABRIEL

world while you administer to the ills of the body shows your faith in the power, goodness and grace of God. Your purpose to actuate all these labors with the desire and effort to bring salvation to those with whom you work, so ennobles your life as to set you apart as some of God's most blest children.

"It would be difficult to overestimate your power in the world for it combines a virtue sweetened with patience and strengthened with the power and grace of God. It will be your sacred privilege to arouse and foster in those to whom you minister the virtues of respect, reverence, veneration, self-sacrifice and altruism, virtues whose existence depends to a very great extent upon women such as you. "May your work and your achievement earn you a share in Solomon's prophecy of the

Blessed Virgin, 'Who is She that cometh forth as the morning rising, beautiful as the moon, bright as the sun, the unspotted mirror of God's majesty and the image of His goodness.'"

THE SOCIETY OF CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSIONARIES

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community which was founded in September, 1925, with the approval of His Grace, Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore.

The purpose of the Society is to work for the spread of our Holy Faith and to help the sick in foreign mission countries through the establishment of hospitals and dispensaries, medical schools, training schools for native nurses, infant welfare centers, plague camps, leper asylums and traveling dispensaries, and visiting the sick in their homes. Those who are desirous

of devoting their lives to God in the service of the sick in the missions find ample scope for their generosity.

Three kinds of candidates are admitted: Those who are already professionally equipped as doctors, pharmacists, nurses, etc.

Young women who desire to take up medicine, pharmacy or nursing with the intention of devoting their profession to the care of the sick in the missions.

Those who have no medical training or do not wish to take it up, but who are desirous of helping with the non-medical activities necessarily associated with the work, such as secretarial work, housekeeping, etc. There is scope for every talent.

Address all enquiries to Dr. Anna Dengel, Catholic Medical Mission House, Brookland, Washington, D. C. Tel. Decatur 3161.



OPERATING ROOM IN THE HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL, RAWALPINDI, INDIA

The MEDICAL MISSIONARY



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1931-1932

ONLY a short twelve months ago, Anno Domini 1931 was before us—a closed book. We did not know what Providence had written on its pages. Now the 365 leaves have been turned and the hour has struck for a fervent *Deo gratias*, for God has been good to us, to let us continue and in some degree expand the work which we started. New forces have joined our ranks, more patients came under our care and plans for development have matured. God's blessing has been with us. For the sake of the extension of His Kingdom, generous benefactors have been sources of help and cooperation. Since the beginning of our Society, the Holy Cross Fathers have given us the spiritual care necessary for our Community. The interest of our Subscribers and Friends grows as we go on step by step. If ever their spirit of sacrifice was put to the test, it was last year. We appreciated the response to our appeals accordingly.

The *Little Flower Circle* in Harrisburg, our oldest battalion in the army behind the lines, did not even threaten us with a cut of the monthly donation. "The *Lots for Little*" Thrift Shop in New York sent the substantial quota of \$1,200 to our Society and our Auxiliary in Washington was indefatigable in devising ways and means and in putting them into action. The Sisters of Notre Dame kindly gave two scholarships to make it possible for two of our Sisters to do their pre-medical course at Trinity College and the Sisters of St. Joseph are harboring, in the most hospitable way, one of our Sisters who is studying medicine in Philadelphia.

Priests, Sisters, Friends and Organizations render assistance that could not be purchased by money. In short, it takes a great deal to make our world go round, and it never stops, surprising to say. For all the interest, help, cooperation, sympathy, many heartfelt thanks to one

and all. Our gratitude is there, but is intangible, but it will be different with the reward some day.

Lest our Readers become envious of our happy lot in these days of multiple anxieties, we must confess that the path of a Medical Missionary is not strewn with thornless roses. The pricks, however, are forgotten while the picture of the roses remains. And so we face a New Year again with courage, confidence and anticipation, of being happy doing the work allotted to us, and lessening the burden of suffering for others through it.

We thank our readers and wish them a year full of God's blessings, for themselves and those near and dear to them, and may they always keep a tender spot in their heart for those whose needs we plead in these pages.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

God bless the work that lies before your hand!
God's blessing be on all that you have done!
For what is fame or gift or treasure grand,
If His approving smile we have not won!

In body and in soul, God keep you strong
To toil for Him and never fail through fear!
This is my wish, the burden of my song—
God bless you in the dawning of the year!

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

MISSION INTENTIONS OF THE APOSTOLATESHIP OF PRAYER FOR 1932

The Holy Father approved and blessed the following mission intentions for the year 1932:

January: Return of the Jacobites to the Unity of the Church.

February: Suppression of Communism in China.

March: Northern Asia.

April: The Contemplative Orders in the Missions.

May: Students' Mission Study Circles.

June: The Natives of Central Asia.

July: The Spiritual Care of those Pagans outside of Mission Countries.

August: The Christian education of Girls in the Missions.

September: Catholic Action in the Missions.

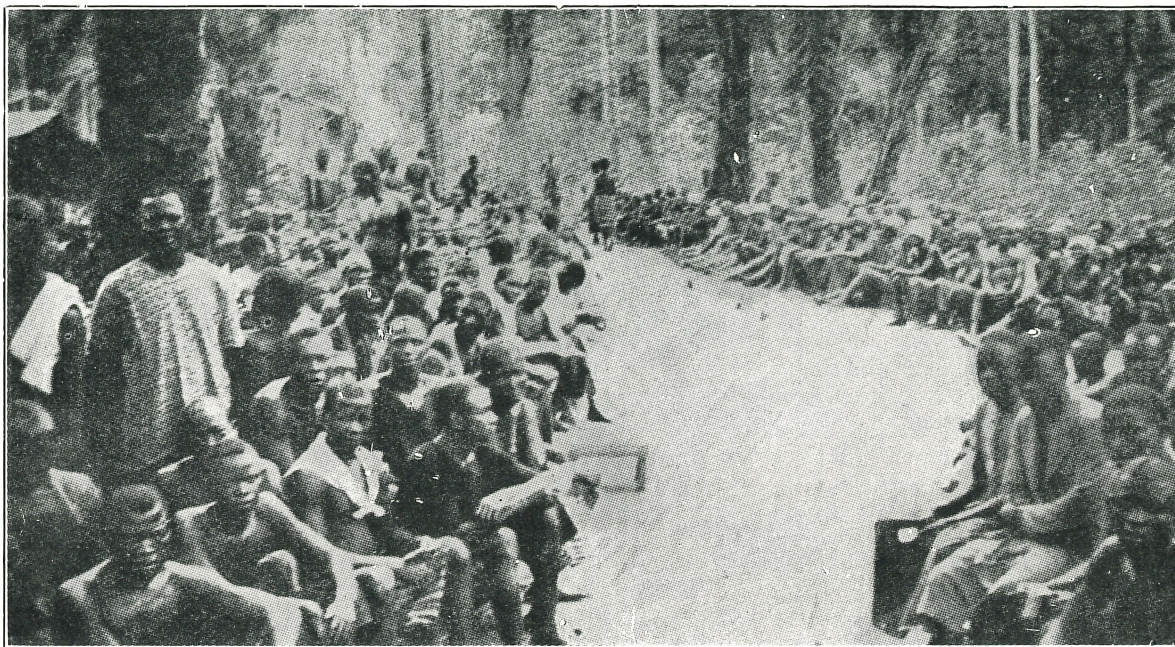
October: The Papal Society of the Apostle St. Peter for the Native Clergy.

November: The Catholic Press in China and Japan.

December: The Bantus in Africa.

OUR DUTY TOWARDS LEPERS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

By DR. ANNA DENGEL



LEPERS WAITING FOR TREATMENT IN NIGERIA

(From *Leprosy Notes*)

AT CHRISTMAS, the Society of the Propagation of the Faith always makes a plea for that group of human beings, said to number about three millions, who according to popular opinion are the most afflicted beings on God's earth—the poor lepers. This plea is not surprising, because, who of all creatures would want more faith in a good God, hope in a life of happiness to come and love of One who loved them even unto giving His life for them? Considering that we Catholics can bring them faith, hope and charity, we do far too little for the lepers. This is not said, by one who has never yet lifted a hand for them, to minimize the heroic work of hundreds of missionaries and others under whose loving care thousands find alleviation and solace, but as one who keeps in touch with the advances advocated and as one who sees a field of charity, which on the one hand provides an opportunity of devoted, heroic service and, on the other hand, would help these hundreds of thousands not yet reached to a new life for body and soul.

A point worth emphasizing is, that in the past leper asylums were places of shelter, where the inmates were housed, fed and their sores kept clean if possible, while now with the advances of medicine, they are or should be places of treatment. It is obvious that for this trained workers are needed, especially nurses who devote their

lives to it and doctors specially trained in leprosy, its treatment and social problems and in a position to keep up with advances made by others in the field. In the past this was difficult; there was not much coordination. On the occasion of the Leonard Wood Memorial Conference on leprosy held in Manila, January 9-23, of last year, a move was made to remedy this situation by founding an *International Leprosy Association* to encourage and facilitate mutual acquaintance and collaboration between persons of all nationalities concerned in leprosy work and the coordination of their efforts; to facilitate the dissemination of knowledge of leprosy and its control; and in any other practicable manner to aid in the anti-leprosy campaign throughout the world; and to this end to publish a scientific journal of leprosy. It shall endeavor to cooperate with any other institution or organization dealing with leprosy work. (Information may be had from the Secretary, International Leprosy Association, 29 Dorset Square, London N. W. 1, England.)

The leper is made up of body and soul like ourselves. His body is invaded in a manner not yet definitely known by the *Mycobacterium leprae*, which causes in due time (the incubation period has not yet been found) lesions which are not confined to any single tissue, but which has a preference for nerves and the skin, bringing about alterations of sensation with or without changes

in pigmentation and circulation, paralyses, atrophies, contractures, ulcerations, mutilations.

The earlier the disease is recognized and the sooner the treatment is begun the better are the chances for the patient, hence the importance of being familiar with the early signs and symptoms.

The treatment that promises the most success includes special measures and general measures.

Special Measures

Under this heading comes the attempt to stimulate the healing process by various drugs and the application of physical agents. Among the former, the most widely used are the ethyl esters and oils of the chaulmoogra group. It must be recognized that leprosy is often of great chronicity and final conclusions of the value of a drug can only be reached after several years. For the clinical estimates and microscopic examination, skill, care and adequate staff are necessary. Where to treat the patients depends on the political, geographic and economic conditions of the community, as well as upon the attitude of the patients and of the general public towards the whole subject. Treatment may be given in separate sections of an institution, preferably however in separate institutions, in some cases also in clinics. If they come only as out-patients, observations and regulations can not be accurately controlled.

Under medical measures of the disease come such important considerations as the follow-up of patients, the study of contacts, the standardization of records, prophylaxis, research, epidemiology, diet, the effect of drugs, and so on. It is also important to remember that lepers frequently suffer from other diseases, such as tuberculosis and beriberi, to mention only two.

General Measures

Medical attention without the adoption of general measures to build up health would not achieve much. Among the latter may be mentioned good air, good food, suitable clothes and proper housing, also facilities for personal hygiene, suitable occupation and moral and mental helps.

If left to their own fate, lepers will usually want any and all of these necessities for their welfare because the people, who live with and around them, share their poverty and their ignorance.

Besides articles of diet such as meat, eggs, milk, vegetables, fruit, they require cooking utensils for themselves. For clothes they need materials that can be easily washed and disinfected, and for housing, rooms that are airy and can be kept clean without much effort and where they are protected from mosquitoes and other insects. They should have facilities for warm baths. Suitable work will be beneficial, bodily and mentally, besides being of economic value, which is also important. One should not only

keep in mind that lepers have feelings like others, but to compensate them for advantages of which they are deprived, thought should be given to make their lives brighter and happier. A few instances may be given. Although children born of lepers are not tainted with the disease, it has been shown and it stands to reason that they would easily and quickly become victims of the scourge. Hence, the little babies are taken from the mothers after birth—it is a case of being cruel to be kind. But as leprosy is not so easily infectious, the little babies can be brought on a visit, so to say, to the mothers every now and then, to lessen the pain of separation.

The need of recreation is also obvious. Picture a leper of the old type, cast out, sheltered by a few rough twigs in the forest, taking whatever food is thrown at him, and on the other hand, the leper in a simple but clean place, treated and looked upon as an unfortunate fellow creature, who must be helped and cheered. Magazines and books, for those who can read, a gramophone, an occasional moving picture, an extra good meal on feast days, a smoke for the men and native sweetmeats or something equivalent for the women: who could honestly say that it would be too much or that it would not be worth making sacrifices for? Would not their minds awake from the torpor that comes from being forgotten and forsaken and would not their hearts thaw at the realization of the brotherhood of men—and of the love which was taught and brought to the world by Christ, Who was their Friend, Who cleansed their fellow sufferers and forgave their sins when He walked on earth. Would it not be a privilege to do what is humanly possible for them and to kindle hope in their hearts and make them realize that their lives are not really so sad, if lived for a purpose, such as we Catholics could tell them of.

SYMPATHY

We may be strong men and women and care not the least whit for maudlin sentimentality or soft indulgence, but, strong though we be, we are men and women, and we crave and hunger for true sympathy which will take and understand our ills of mind and heart, and will ease them knowingly and well.

There may be some great souls whose stark sanctity and sheer nearness to God rob them of the need of sympathy from their fellow men but for most men the need is there and it is very deep and very real.

We must try to give this sympathy to others, to reach them a helping hand, when the way is dark and rough, to speak to them the cheering word that will lift up their heads again to the stars above and to God beyond the stars.

And when we ourselves need the kindly word, we must not be ashamed to seek it.

God has made us thus, and we but fulfill His will, when in our weakness we ask another for a lift along the road of life.—*The Catholic Times*.

Address of our missionaries in India: Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, Punjab, India. Mitford Hospital, Dacca, Bengal, India.

WHEN THE FLOODS COME TO DACCA

By SISTER M. LAETITIA, R. N.

WHEN the floods come to Dacca we all go fishing off the front porch. Well, maybe not all of us! Most of the people are glad to have just one small room which usually does not run to the luxury of either a front or a back porch.

It was very amazing to see men and boys sitting in the streets, waiting patiently for "a bite," with home-made bamboo fishing rods. It was still more surprising to watch the fish being pulled out of a few feet, or often only a few inches, of water. Dacca was turned into a regular "Angling Club" and what glee when a real large one was "hooked"! That meant a good dinner!

Bengal must be inundated with fish in embryo, for wherever a tiny drop of water forms, where previously there was only dry land, there fish are always to be found.

One day I actually saw boys catching shrimps in a drain—the open variety common to India. Some cooks think curry is not curry unless there are a few shrimps floating in it and every time that I see them I think of that floor! Well, I suppose they are well sterilized by the long cooking process that curry undergoes.

We had a very amusing experience one day: our cook presented us with some very highly odorous, fishy curry. We could see no fish but our olfactory nerves could not be deceived, so we inquired what kind of invisible fish they were. Said the cook: "I brought home a nice lot of fishes' heads from the bazaar and boiled them in the curry to give it a *fine flavor* and then extracted them!" We told him not to rob the bazaar cats that way and that in future we would gladly sacrifice the "fine flavor" in favor of the cats. Our cook is very economical!

Our first introduction to the floods was one night or rather one morning about 2 a. m. A very urgent call came from a midwife and we set forth. We had not gone very far in the bazaar when we found the car surrounded by water. We wondered if we would be able to get there but with a little encouragement, the good little Baby Austin ploughed her way to our destination.

Arrived at the house, with great ceremony, the father of the household brought out two boxes and we stepped from one to the other until we reached the door of the house which was built up rather high so that the water was unable to enter. The patient was in a very bad condition from a severe hemorrhage—the only hope was to get her to hospital and that very quickly. However, nothing can be done quickly in India and the sooner one realizes that, so much the easier and more simple life becomes for all concerned.

There ensued the usual long coaxing arguments as to the reasonableness of her going to the hospital and having her life saved and the awfulness of being left to die on the ground in the house.

At last the husband was persuaded, but no one could be found with sufficient courage to pick her up from the sack upon which she was lying, as whoever carried her out would have to shoulder some very heavy blame if she should die.

There was nothing to do but for the Sister to pick her up herself and struggle through the water to the car. That awful water! This time there was no ceremony of boxes; the case was too urgent and it would have been difficult to keep one's balance with the patient in one's arms. In the light of a lantern the water looked pitch black, thick and filthy. It took all of one's courage to make the first step! After a few days we became quite used to it and it did not seem quite so bad, although at first it was pretty awful!

Fish nibbled our heels, frogs took rides on our insteps, snakes glided by, but St. Patrick must have been guarding us, for none of them bit *us* though a number of people died from snake bites. Rats swimming along claimed the right of way (and got it) to say nothing of the contact with all sorts of "very dead" animal life floating on the "jawl."

Our poor midwives waded to cases with water up to their waists and, in some cases, had to stand in water to do their work. In some of the houses it was almost on a level with the wooden bed upon which the patient was lying.

In many of the gullies, the only way in which we could reach the houses was by boat, a very time consuming process. The poor boatman was paid the colossal sum of Rs. 4 (\$1) for his services of plying the boat back and forth all day!

One day as Sister Helen was trying to reach a patient she fell up to her neck in the froggy water. I implored her to stay that way, while I hurriedly splashed off to the gari to get the camera but, by the time I got back, she was on her feet and could not be persuaded to repeat the pose; a real good picture missed.

Our poor people suffered very much; every day houses tumbled to the ground. One night twenty-two houses fell down in one gully alone; chiefly the mud ones or those with mud foundations. But the people were very good to each other and no one was left destitute of a roof as they all doubled up in each other's little houses!

Modes of Conveyance

There were many ways of getting around: Perhaps the most precarious was the banana-

tree raft. It consisted of two or three banana trees lashed together. This was all right for more or less unclad, little brown bodies, for a little wetting would make no difference, but our skirts are not exactly adapted for this means of travel. The trees not fitting by any means meant large gaps through which the water bubbled and splashed; it was also very difficult to balance on the round, slippery trunks.

The next best means of transport was an earthen vessel, the shape of a giant pudding basin. Into this one squeezed, chin on knees, and paddled frantically with a piece of stick but, as the brim was only about two inches above the water level, one sometimes received a not-so-unexpected bath.

Of all we preferred the more prosaic row boat to the other startlingly original methods of travel but there again was an old problem, to say nothing of a balancing one. The boats are always very leaky and the bottom, or rather, practically the whole boat, full of none too clear water. Across the top of the

boats two or three narrow planks are usually placed. The Bengalis balance very well on these but we are not such trapeze artists and felt very unhappy, expecting every moment to fall on our noses. If we were expected, a low stool was always provided but as a rule we visited unannounced and so had to make our way as best we could.

Rice Crop Ruined

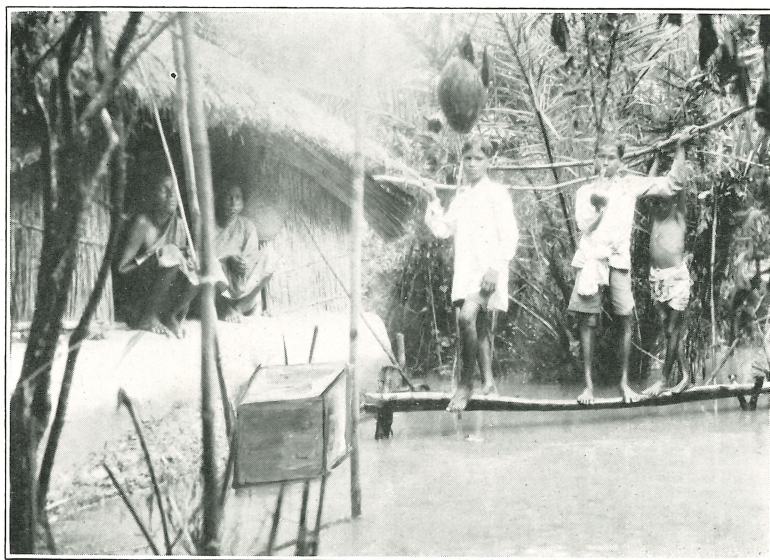
In many places the rice crop has been ruined and also the jute, they say.

Domestic animals, especially the long-suffering cow, have been practically starved to death in the villages for there was nothing but water for the poor things.

The other day a poor villager was trying to

sell a fairly good cow for Rs. 20 (\$6). "For God's sake," said he, "take the cow and give me money to buy food."

Did not Socrates say: "after rain comes sunshine," so I suppose, the floods will not last forever.



AWAITING OUR ARRIVAL

FOURTEEN NURSES NEEDED

To increase the work of our hospital in Rawalpindi in Northern India and in Dacca, Bengal, and to be able to start two new missions, we need the minimum of 14 nurses. There can be no doubt that among the thousands of Catholic nurses there would be 14 who would be glad to put their profession in the service of God in the foreign missions where there is so much suffering, so much ignorance of things spiritual and hygienic, if they knew of the need and of the opportunity of this glorious and heroic service for God.

We put it in the hands of St. Joseph to

find a minimum of 14 nurses to enter our Society on his feast, March 19. Dear Readers, please help us to pray to St. Joseph for this intention.



With all the fervor possible to us, we repeat the prayer of the Little Flower, with which she ends her invaluable autobiography:

"O Jesus, we beseech Thee to cast Thy glance upon a vast number of little souls: we entreat Thee to choose in this world a legion of little victims worthy of Thy love."

DREAMS AND VISIONS

SACRED Prophecy ascribes to young and to old men the gift of dreaming dreams and seeing visions. The middle of all days, whether of hours or of years, is not an inspiring intermezzo. Romance in middle life is about as *mal à propos* as "music in the morning."

But whether we be engaged in dreams or visions it must be work. Man must go forth from the morning watch even until night, and going forth means work, for there is no unemployment and no dole in the service of God. Dreamers are supposed to be idle; visionaries to be unpractical, but without visions and dreams no great work is possible.

"We are standing at the opening of a new period."

"Our feet are set upon the threshold of a new era."

"We are looking on at the death struggle of an old established civilization."

"We are living in stirring times."

"The world we have known for four centuries and more is passing."

"The manners, the customs, the habits we have known, the commercial, the political, the social fabric which has been built up during the past 400 years has been shattered into ruin."

"No one knows what will happen in the next five or twenty years. Will the world be better or worse? We can not tell. Certainly it will be different. You have doubtless often been asked the question: 'If you had your choice in what period of the world would you wish to live? I know no better than the present.'"

These sentences are gathered from the magnificent speech delivered at Bathgate, Scotland, by Archbishop McDonald, O.S.B. The old order is giving place to the new.

In these wise and timely words His Grace the Archbishop is asking us to be ready and, moreover, to provide Leaders. The Archbishop is not dreaming useless dreams nor seeing impossible visions. He is simply grasping the situation, realizing facts and uttering a quasi-warning for us to be ready, not to die hard or live easy; not to mistake readiness for revolution nor obtuseness for loyalty. When the old order is giving place to the new, one must expect to be called upon to make sacrifices in the re-arranging of our ideas.

It is quite right that we should suspect novelty—"new lamps for old" we are familiar with; at the same time, at a period of transition like the present we must be prepared even to be astonished at the enigma variations that may evolve from the moods of our old friends of the past. The curtain has fallen, but only to rise again for the transformation scenes reminding one of those which, to boyish eyes, many years ago, seemed to explain so much in the mysteries of sordid life and make one glad to live.

Scripture tells us that there is nothing new under the sun. The world is one vast merry-go-round; sit on it long enough and it will come round again.

Revolutions are merely turning-rounds. People think they are progressing, going forward, but there is no forward in a circle. There is no coming to the Journey's Ends, as circles do not have them. In all probability the doings of the next twenty-five years will be retrogressions which people will imagine to be new.

Some are quite convinced that we shall see a gigantic revival of Monasticism, and it is quite likely. A distinguished Indian and Hindu, named Nekaljay, has appealed to the Pope, "The Father of all the Poor," asking for Christian monks to come and save the depressed classes of India; to teach them agriculture. An Indian periodical remarks:

"There can be little doubt, therefore, that if Mr. Nekaljay perseveres in his efforts he will obtain from His Holiness the men he wants, and for the purpose he wants them."

Monks made England. Take away the various families of St. Benedict and all their works and you almost obliterate the history of England. It is true that the Monastic Orders have long since adapted themselves to the needs of intellectual agriculture in famous centres of learning and culture. But Monasticism is not rigid or narrow. "There is not a Religious Order or Congregation," says our contemporary, "that would not, at the call of the Holy See, take up this work as willingly as they take up anything else. Do not even the Jesuits, whose main work lies in the intellectual line, become teachers of agriculture, agricultural cooperation and agricultural banking when the needs of their flock (as in Chota Nagpur, e. g.), require it. Did they not introduce 'Charka' and weaving among the aboriginals, long before Mahatma Gandhi revived them among the Hindus?"

The great educational orders do not erect schools and colleges for the sake of the thing in itself. Knowledge, learning, culture, art, science, discovery, and all such things are not ends in themselves. Our "Journey's End" is the salvation of our soul. If we can lead people to the feet of God in the end, it matters nothing, provided they be good, by what means we have accomplished it.

Some believe that, in the not distant future, a great Religious Institute will arise—not an Order or Congregation—something quite new. They will be as contemplative as Carthusians and as active as Jesuits. They will live not according to Rule and Constitutions, but according to Ideal or, as St. Ignatius so aptly said: "By the interior law of charity." They will not form a Corporate Body, but will be as solitary as Simeon Stylites "battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer."

They will live "betwixt the meadow and the cloud" on the tall pillar of individualistic consecration. The product of a nerve strained age, worn out by the folly of speed, torn on the rack of competition, they will fly from the world. "Oh for the wings, for the wings of a dove! That I might fly away and be at rest!" In their life there will be no corporal austerity, no reduction of the already weary frame by special fasting; no midnight chanting. The new—well, let us call it "Symphony," for want of a better word—the new Symphony will consecrate men of frail physique and delicate fibre, and will not require any chest measure as a condition of Sainthood. Austerity of some kind there must ever be in the service of God, and yet the Saint, who, in the words of the late Canon Barry, "taught the world to pray" when founding his absolutely new and original auxiliary force Order, did not prescribe any other austerity than the heroic self-sacrifice of one's own will.

These men will not aim at vast erudition either in secular or ecclesiastical matters. They will be content with the standard of the Apostles. They will require average bodily strength and health and average intelligence, but vast powers in zeal, devotedness, simplicity of life and an all-embracing charity. It is believed that there are hundreds, nay thousands of young laymen who would be ready to answer the Call if it were sounded. It may be that Mr. Nekaljay's appeal to the "Father of all the Poor" will bear fruit, and that the dreams and visions of our old and young men will take visible form and give an opportunity and a vocation to the thousands of young souls that stand all the day idle because nobody has hired them.

EDMUND LESTER, S.J.

The Tablet, England.

Promote Medical Missions by subscribing to "The Medical Missionary." Subscription \$1 a year. Address, The Medical Missionary, Brookland, Washington, D. C. Subscription abroad, five shillings a year. Address, "The Medical Missionary," St. Helen's, Winchcombe, Glos, England.